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THE FAST-DAY:

A

LAMBETH ECLOGUE.

BY THE

AUTHOR OF THE AUCTION.

WHEREE'ER THE LORD ERECTS AN HOUSE OF PRAYER,
THE DEVIL IS SURE TO BUILD HIS TEMPLE THERE.

DE FOE.

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MDCCLXXX.

DEDICATION.

TO THE

Honourable Mrs. C———s.

MADAM,

THERE are few ſituations in ſuperior life, which are attended with circumſtances of greater mortification to female vanity, than that wherein Yourſelf, and the other Ladies of the Right Reverend Bench, are unluckily placed. You ſhare the Wealth, and ſome of you, without doubt, the Power of your Lords; but the Titles which adorn their names are not communicated to yours, and their Rank will not convey to you the pretenſions which are claimed by Spouſes of City Knighthood. You are at the very entrance of the Temple of Honours, and are excluded

from

from it.—But this is not all :—You cannot be jointured upon the church ; ſo that in the few privileges which you are ſuffered to poſſeſs, if I may venture to approach you with a Law expreſſion, you are Tenants but for the lives of your huſbands, which, however dear, may not be conſidered by all of you ſo intrinſically valuable as your own.

For what reaſon, or by what ſtrange neglect the learned and holy promoters of the Reformation paſſed by ſuch an important conſideration as a neceſſary rank and proviſion for the Wives which they preſented to the church, has been matter of much uſeleſs conjecture. Nor is my wonder diminiſhed, when I reflect that the great champion of the Proteſtant cauſe, *Queen Elizabeth*, ſo far forgot the privileges due to your ſituation, in which the honour of her ſex, as well as of religion, was concerned, as to leave you plain and ſimple Gentlewomen, without title, precedence, or proviſion. I have heard ſome reaſons aſſigned, which, as they are diſadvantageous to that great Princeſs, and diſreſpectful to your ſex, I cannot believe, and ſhall not repeat. Other motives have been mentioned ; but I ſhall paſs them over in ſilence, as they reflect diſhonour upon the Reformation to which every Proteſtant is ſo much indebted : and, after all, though it has, by no means, done you juſtice, has, however, afforded you the habitation of a palace which is honourable ; a kind of re-

flected

flected dignity which is not disgraceful; and, surely, I may add, the delights of matrimonial Life, which, within the pale of the Church, have been generally supposed to be peculiarly pleasant and comfortable.

But you have not only a ground of complaint against past Neglect; you are equally the objects of immediate Injustice. Former times passed over the grant of those privileges to which you had a natural claim, while the present are striking at that Liberty which you have a right to enjoy. To suppose that you are to be counterparts of that Sanctity which adorns your Husbands lives, is equally absurd as to require that you should possess their Erudition. You are not framed for the former, nor educated for the latter:—as it is not your business, like them, to teach by precept, it would be very forward in you to aim, like them, at instructing by example. You wear no distinguishing Habit; have no peculiar, professional Characteristic; and, therefore, I cannot conceive you to be bound by any obligation to act with more austerity and reserve than other Women. Indeed, some foolish, ignorant people may expect, that a Divine should prove the Power of his Instruction by the Influence it has over his own Family; and are apt to make a very weak, ridicu-

lous obſervation, that, if his Wife and Children are not obedient to his doctrines, how can it be ſuppoſed that they will have a due effect upon the Stranger, and occaſional hearer of them? I call this idea weak and ridiculous, becauſe it is in direct contradiction to a very fundamental Proverb, that *the Shoemaker's Wife is the worſt ſhod*; which, though rather vulgar in its expreſſion, has a very ſolid meaning, and may be applied with juſtice to every Profeſſion.---Beſides, it is the cuſtom of Mountebanks and Quack-Doctors to make Experiments upon their own Children and Families, to deceive the ignorant and unwary: it would, therefore, ill become a Biſhop, or any Chriſtian Teacher, to make uſe of ſuch means in ſupport of ſublime Truth, which the World is accuſtomed to ſee practiſed in ſupport of the loweſt Falſehood, and is therefore very naturally diſpoſed to follow them with ridicule and ſuſpicion.

You, Madam, have been the ſubject of very ſevere, public, and continued cenſures, for engaging in the Amuſements of faſhionable Life; and many unreflecting perſons have thought it highly criminal that you ſhould introduce the gaiety of Cards and public Aſſemblies into a *Metropolitan* Palace. I, Madam, am of a very different opinion; and I ſhall beg leave, for your own

comfort,

comfort, as well as to remove fooliſh prejudices in thoſe who have cenſured you, and finally for the cauſe of Truth, to offer you ſome ſhort, and, I hope, concluſive obſervations upon the ſubject.

It is a maxim particularly countenanced and ſupported by all conſiderate and well-diſpoſed perſons of Faſhion, that it is very unbecoming in a Wife to trouble herſelf with the profeſſional concerns of her Huſband: nay, it is thought to be a mark of great Forwardneſs and Folly in the former to attempt, and of great Weakneſs in the latter to permit it. *Lady North*, I believe, does not appear to know any-thing of the political courſe in which her Lord is engaged; and, which is more remarkable, *Lady Cooper* does not ſeem to trouble herſelf about the *ſecrets* of *Sir Grey*. Aſk Mrs. *Willes*, and you will find there is nothing of which ſhe is ſo ignorant as *a Court of Juſtice*. It betrays a very great deficiency in good breeding, to make ſo unintereſting a thing as an Huſband the ſubject of converſation; but to know any-thing of his Profeſſion is vulgar to the laſt degree. I cannot, therefore, but highly applaud the proofs you have given how well you are acquainted with the Laws of faſhionable Decorum. Your introduction of Card-Aſſemblies into an A———'s Palace, has given a very unequivocal proof

to

to the World, that you keep at a very conſpicuous diſtance from every concern of your Lord's character and ſtation.

In the intimacies of matrimonial Life, more particularly if the Huſband ſhould have any profeſſional engagements, it requires no ſmall attention in the Wife to diſcover the preciſe limits of duty, and to obſerve them. You are in this preciſe ſituation, and have attained the excellence of it. My Lords the Biſhops, as you muſt know and be informed, poſſeſs a ſpiritual and a temporal character; and, as a Wife muſt certainly be numbered among the temporalities, you have acted with a moſt amiable propriety, by turning your back upon *ſpirituals*, and purſuing only thoſe amuſements and pleaſures which are of a temporal nature.

But, to wipe away every aſperſion, and to get clear of every difficulty, I ſhall endeavour to ſatisfy thoſe few well-meaning, but ill-informed and miſtaken perſons, who think that a Wife, by being too careleſs of her Huſband's affairs, may ruin her Huſband's credit, and that your attachment to Play may have that diſagreeable effect. Such ſuperſtitious perſons will ſay that Cards are the *Devil's Books*, and therefore improper to be uſed at all,

but

but especially in a public and avowed manner in a Bishop's Palace. A thousand arguments occur, which would at once put to flight these ridiculous ideas; but I shall answer such silly observers in their own way, by desiring them to reflect, that the supposition of these painted amusements being first stolen from *Beelzebub*'s Library, must operate to the justification of their being used, if permitted at all, in the consecrated Habitations of Holy Men, where, according to the pious notions of these pious people, the *Devil* himself would *be put to his Trumps*.—This particular propriety of Cards being granted, and I think it cannot be denied, their general propriety must at once be acknowledged by every good subject who reflects that they are sanctified by being among the many very respectable objects to which the State looks for maintenance and support. To encourage them, is a patriotic duty which the Ladies may perform without stepping from the delicacy of their character; and is particularly incumbent on those whose Lords and Husbands have promoted the Laws which have made the Card-Table so necessary to Government.

To say the truth, there is no Diversion, however innocent or instructive, which is not severely criticised and considered

as damnable by certain weak and fanciful perſons. The Play-houſe, allowed by Law, frequented by their *Majeſties*, and whoſe entertainments have been recommended by the beſt moral Writers, has been deſcribed, by a well-known Enthuſiaſt, as the *Temple of the Devil*,---the peculiar Pleaſure of the *Devil*,---where all who frequent it *yield to the Devil*,---where all the laughter and all the weeping is a laughter and weeping among *Devils*; and that all who follow the diverſions of it will finally go to the *Devil, &c.* Such ſcandalous doctrines as theſe, I imagine, have prevented their Reverences the Biſhops from being *ſeen* to frequent Theatrical Exhibitions; from which ſpecies of Entertainment they do not exclude themſelves but in compliance with popular and erroneous opinions. I am juſtified in this ſuppoſition by the late *Biſhop* of *London*'s Speech in the Houſe of Lords, in the debate on the *Manchеſter Play-houſe Bill*, wherein he declared, that, if Cuſtom had not determined otherwiſe, for his own part, he would with pleaſure go to the *Theatre* to ſee the *Engliſh Roſcius*; and the *laſt Lord Lyttelton*, whoſe ſcrupulous Piety and tender Conſcience are well known, lamented, at the ſame time, that Prejudice and Ignorance could lay the foundation of a diſtinction which

precludes

precludes the Right Reverend Bench from enjoying the fruits of ſo pleaſing, inſtructive, and ſolid an entertainment.

To conclude, Madam,---I am ſure you will agree with me in pronouncing the preſent times to be very cenſorious; and that the difficulty of proceeding in order to divert or ſilence Calumny, is every hour encreaſing. If you enter into the gay circles of Public Life, you are conſidered as a *Lover of Pleaſure*; and if you tread in the tranquil path of Retirement and Piety, your Sincerity becomes ſuſpected, and you will not be allowed to be a *Lover of God.* Hence it is, that ſuch numbers of People, from deſpair of being able to pleaſe others, have been driven to the reſolution of taking no thought but to pleaſe themſelves *.

After

* Poor Mrs. N— has been frequently conſidered as poſſeſſing a Gaiety of Temper unſuitable to her near Relation to the Church, and, on that account, has been the ſubject of much public Impertinence and Reprehenſion. Now, to prove the Caprice and Injuſtice of Mankind, this very Lady, reſolving to yield to public Prejudices concerning a *Biſhop's Wife*, attended a public Concert,

at

After all the pains I have taken, it will, Madam, be matter of great mortification to me, if theſe Reaſons ſhould not ſettle the Opinions of Mankind concerning the Propriety of your Conduct, and the Folly of thoſe who caſt their Cenſures at you. Go on, therefore, I beſeech you. Draw a proper Line, Madam, between a *Biſhop* and a *Biſhop's Wife!* Suffer not that Cuſtom, which tyrannizes over Prelates, to be ſuperior to you, and deprive you of thoſe Amuſements which form the principal Satisfaction of your Life. But you, Madam, poſſeſs an advantage which *epiſcopal Dames* do not always enjoy: they have, in general, no Importance detached from the Lawn Sleeves and the Mitre; but you, Madam, are, in yourſelf, a Perſon of

at a public Place, not in the glare and glitter of Dreſs, but in modeſt Apparel, and, according to *Saint Paul*'s particular Injunction, with her *head covered*.—Nevertheleſs, a pert *Maſter of the Ceremonies*, in ſpite of the *Apoſtle* and a Right Reverend Repreſentative of Apoſtles, who is the Lady's Huſband, peremptorily inſiſted upon her appearing uncovered, was ſupported by the Crowd, and prevailed.

Faſhion!

Faſhion! You are, by no means, a *ſpiritual* Character; but, which is far better, you have a *temporal* Rank! You are, it is true, the A— — — of C— — — —'s Wife;——but you are, alſo, the HONOURABLE Mrs. C— — —. ——As ſuch, I beg leave to ſubſcribe myſelf, with the greateſt Reſpect,

MADAM,

Your moſt obedient,

Humble Servant,

P. Q.

THE

FAST-DAY.

'TWAS on the ev'ning of that ſullen day
When men, by *Proclamation*, were to pray,
That *Piſcopella* near her toilet ſat,
Tir'd of the fawning Chaplain's drowſy chat:
Full thrice ſhe yawn'd; when he, with ſolemn face,
Took leave, and went to trifle with his Grace.

Thus

Thus left alone, ſhe caſt her eyes around
On Plays, Romances, Bibles richly bound,
And Books of Prayer, whoſe gilded leaves unſtain'd
Had never been by any hands prophan'd.
Stretch'd on a ſofa, to the Spleen a prey,
She ſeiz'd again the Scandal of the day:
But 'twould not do; already thrice read o'er,
'Twas ſtale and ſtupid grown, and charm'd no more.
Comb-bruſh ſhe call'd;---but, in an elbow-chair,
Lull'd by the dulneſs of a Form of Prayer,
Comb-bruſh in pleaſing dreams the moments paſt,
Nor, in her ſlumbers, thought it was a *Faſt*.
The bell now rung, whoſe ſilver-tinkling ſound
Awak'd the Damſel from her ſleep profound:
She yawn'd, then rubb'd her eyes, and ſaunt'ring came
To know the pleaſure of the vap'riſh Dame;

Who,

Who, riſing from her couch, half turn'd aſide
Her ſullen face, as if diſpos'd to chide;
Then, in no pleaſing tone, the ſilence broke,
And thus her angry diſappointments ſpoke:

PISCOPELLA.

O that this ſlow-pac'd, canting day were paſt!
Comb-bruſh, I almoſt wiſh it were my laſt:
When holy Dulneſs, by ſupreme command,
Scatters Hypocriſy through half the land,
And bids each pious ſoul his lips prepare
To harraſs Heaven with unmeaning prayer:
When Pleaſure, bound in unrelenting chain,
Appeals to Faſhion, but appeals in vain:
When Trade, who neither *Saints* nor *Lent* obeys,
Profeſſing hatred of their holy days,

Curſes another, added to the ſeven;
But, *Comb-bruſh*, ſure that curſe will be forgiven!
—The Doctor talks in vain:---I cannot ſee
The wiſdom of this dull ſolemnity;
Folly and nonſenſe all it ſeems to me:
Vapours, and diſcontent, and ſpleen it brings,
Though preach'd by *Biſhops*, and ordain'd by *Kings*.
Biſhops, I know them well, if it ſhould laſt
Beyond a day, would ne'er propoſe a Faſt:
Or, ſhould it ſtem Corruption's rapid flood,
Kings would declare it did them too much good *.

Yet

* A Government ſupported by *Corruption* would be guilty of a moſt arrant ſoleciſm in politics in recommending ſupplications to Heaven to reſtore public virtue, if there was the leaſt chance of ſucceeding. I cannot conceive any-thing more diſtreſſing to the Miniſter of ſuch a ſtate than repentance and amendment of life in his chief ſupporters. If conſcience ſhould, at any time, urge a troop of his partizans to deſert him; or, if a ſudden fit of

virtue

Yet ſome there are, whoſe bold and daring ſenſe
Diſdains the politic impertinence;
Laughs at the voice of Power, when it ſhall dare
To ſhackle free-born minds with times of prayer,
And will not change the habits of the day,
Spite of the pert command that bids to pray.
Of theſe am I; and why ſhould I refuſe
The means which Faſhion gives me to amuſe
Life's heavy hours, and make them onward glide,
Quick as the billows of the paſſing tide?
—Let Prelates o'er their ſleepy Bibles pore,
And ſeal the day with one dull chapter more;

virtue ſhould diſpoſe men, in whom he had truſted, to publiſh his iniquitous practices; he would retreat immediately from his poſt, and be very fortunate if he eſcaped the ſevereſt puniſhment. If the *Earl Gower* and *Lord Weymouth* had been accompanied in their political contrition by twenty Peers of the Realm, the Miniſter would have growled at Virtue and Conſcience, and found himſelf under the diſagreeable neceſſity of quitting the golden ſeat of power.

Let

Let pious Maidens ſip their loit'ring tea,
And ſweeten ev'ry cup with Calumny;
Let Wits be ſilent, and the ſtiffen'd Prude
Make faſt her doors, and fancy ſhe is good;
Let loyal Subjects, at the King's command,
Eat ſtinking fiſh to ſave a ſinking land;
Let the ſtarch Hypocrite all day delight
In looks demure, but feaſt himſelf at night;
And rigid Chriſtians ſtarve themſelves till four *,
Glad that the rigours of the day are o'er;
I ſhall the dictates of my heart obey,
And cloſe the ev'ning with a little play:

* It is, I believe, a general matter of faith among devout Chriſtians, that, on days of public faſting and humiliation, no one ſhould eat meat till after the ſervices of the day, which are generally completed at four in the afternoon. In this particular, all perſons of Faſhion give a very ſtriking example of attention to the duties of ſuch public ſolemnities.

Cribbage

Cribbage ſhall now the place of *Quinze* ſupply,
And we together will our fortune try.
Go, bring the Cards!—The thought diſpels my pain,
And *Piſcopella* is herſelf again!

COMB-BRUSH.

Madam, you ſurely jeſt----Would not his Grace,
If he ſhould hear it, turn me from my place?
Beſides, (don't think I mean to be uncivil,)
I have ſome little terrors of the Devil.
I had, your La'ſhip, a ſad dream laſt night,
That made my hair like briſtles with affright.
Beſide my bed, methought, I ſaw him ſtand,
Horns on his head, a pitchfork in his hand:
Two balls of fire, inſtead of eyes, appear'd,
And two bright forky flames compos'd his beard:

Behind a monſtrous length of tail he bore,
Which, curl'd around him, made a tail before:
Wide grinn'd his horrid jaws; and, as he ſpoke,
All ſteep'd in clammy ſweatings, I awoke.

PISCOPELLA.

Ceaſe, ceaſe the horrid tale!—The mighty ſin
Shall reſt on me:---The Cards! and let's begin.

COMB-BRUSH.

All ſin apart, what will the Clergy ſay,
If they ſhould hear that you had ſpent in play,
Beneath this roof, the evening of this day?

PISCOPELLA.

Comb-bruſh, you make me rave!---I fear a Lurch
Far more than all the terrors of the Church.

I am

I am not bleſs'd with ſaintly *Talbot*'s grace *,
Who thought this tott'ring pile an holy place,
Where Guardian Angels, a celeſtial band,
Were ſtation'd by th' Almighty's dread command,
To his high courts, on ſpeedy wings, to bear
Each humble ſigh, and momentary prayer.
With far, far other eyes, theſe tow'rs I view,
Nor think that, when I'm here, I'm in a pew.
---What's in a Biſhop's Wife, that ſhe ſhould be
The only ſlave of dull Formality?
That ſhe, when other women freely roam,
Muſt be confin'd to Dullneſs and to Home?

* Miſs *Talbot* was a lady of a moſt amiable and excellent character: ſhe was related to Archbiſhop *Secker*, and reſided at *Lambeth* Palace during his life. Her whole conduct was graced with a ſplendid but rational piety. She gave the world two volumes of compoſitions, which afford a moſt deciſive proof of her underſtanding and virtue, and are an honourable teſtimony to the manner in which her private hours were employed.

Think

Think you the laws that trace a Prelate's life
Extend their ſober dictates to the Wife?
'Tis out of Reaſon, out of Nature's plan;
'Twas not the Saint I wedded, but the Man.
Bear I the rev'rend titles which he bears?
Or ſhare the holy honours which he wears?
Whatever title doth the Biſhop grace,
The Wife knows neither change of name or place.
I feel no holy flame, took no degree,
Nor ſwell with fervors of Divinity.
No ſacred unction bleſs'd my nuptial bed;—
Holy Divines, like common Laymen, wed.
W--c'ſter's gay Wife, and *Exon*'s widow'd Dame,
Could you but aſk them, would declare the ſame:
Nor does the pageant ſtate of *Durham* bind
The lively wiſh of *Lady Sophy*'s mind.

---If thus alarm'd by penalties and pains,
Short is our pride, and trifling are our gains:
The Prelate's honours with himſelf muſt die,
And all his titles in his coffin lie;
Nor e'en his children get the ſmalleſt ſtore
Of all that glory which their father bore.
Comb-bruſh, you know full well the time *may* come
When I muſt quit this grand and ſtately home;
To ſome ſmall houſe or diſtant place retreat,
No longer courted, and no longer great;
Where Deans and Doctors I ſhall never ſee,
And thank a Curate for his flattery.
—Sure, then, 'tis wiſdom, while theſe ſeaſons laſt,
To give the crouded Rout and gay Repaſt;
And, as the *Goſpel* tells, our Friends to bleſs
With the rich *Mammon* of Unrighteouſneſs.

—If rev'rend men declare that Heav'n's rewards
Are hid from thoſe who take delight in Cards,
They ſhould a fairer, better pattern give,
And by their virtues teach us how to live;
They ſhould themſelves reſiſt the lures of life,
Nor crave the carnal play-thing of a Wife:
Chaſte let them be, and practiſe pious airs,
Nor look at petticoats, but mind their prayers;
Let all their hours in ſacred works be paſt,
And let them keep through life a gen'ral Faſt.
---Such were Divines, ere madcap *Henry* gave
To every tyrant Clerk a wedded ſlave;
Ere he (and ſure he ne'er will be forgiven)
Mix'd up with carnal Luſts the Grace of Heaven.

COMB-

COMB-BRUSH.

But, after all, my Lady, could I find
Some ruddy, well-made Chaplain to my mind,
You would my Int'reſt to his Grace commend,
And patronize your true, though humble friend.

PISCOPELLA.

Oh, never, *Comb-bruſh*, with a Parſon wed,
But rather take a Sexton to your bed!
Diſpel the thought,---the rank deſire withſtand,
Nor furniſh Daughters to pollute the *Strand* *.

* It has frequently been aſſerted, and, I fear, with truth, that many of thoſe unfortunate women who live by proſtitution were the daughters of Clergymen, and being left by their parents in a ſtate of want, and without immediate relief, became victims to the firſt temptation that aſſailed them. This is a lamentable evil, and, if I recollect aright, is deſcribed with a moſt pathetic eloquence, in a Sermon preached by the late Dr. *Aſhton* before the *Sons of the Clergy*.

—But

—But let this tireſome converſation ceaſe!
Bring forth the Cards, I ſay, and hold your peace!

COMB-BRUSH.

Madam, you know I ne'er have diſobey'd
Whate'er your Ladyſhip has wiſh'd or ſaid;
But ſtill, methinks, it is but one ſhort day,
Whoſe pray'rs will conquer all *America*.

PISCOPELLA.

Go, aſk the Lab'rer, cheated of his fee,
Who faſts, but 'tis from ſad neceſſity,
How oft he bleſſes this repentant day,
That robs him of his bread, and bids him pray.
---What, what are all theſe Colonies to me,
That I ſhould yield an hour of liberty?

That

That I of ev'ning joys ſhould be debarr'd,
Dumb ev'ry tongue, unſhuffled ev'ry Card?
—I rather view them with a friendly eye;—
They hate a Biſhop's yoke, and ſo do I.
I never laid a tax, or gave a vote
To point the poniard at a Brother's throat.
Let them who urg'd the horrid miſchief pray,
And weep repentant ſorrows night and day;
The wiſh is from my heart, that they might faſt
Till the dire wars themſelves have made be paſt.
But why ſhould thoughts like theſe my peace moleſt?
Far other cares corrode my anxious breaſt:
Oh, let them ſtill for bloody feaſts prepare,
So round my walls the gleaming Flambeaux glare!
Let Deſolation all its vengeance pour,
So conſtant raps aſſail my op'ning door!

Or peace or war, 'tis all the ſame to me,
So I have daily Cards and Company.
Come, *Comb-bruſh*, come!

COMB-BRUSH.

I pray you, Ma'am, forbear!
To-night I'll try to diſſipate your care.
Oh, ſmooth thoſe frowns, let no diſtreſs appear!
Another better day will ſoon be here;
When Oaths, and Lights, and Raps, as heretofore,
Shall make your Hall reſound, and grace your Door.

PISCOPELLA.

Comb-bruſh, 'tis now the carding time of night,
When Balls begin, and ſplendid Routs invite:

When

When yawning doors give up the motley croud,
The Gay, the Giddy, the Demure, the Proud;
When ſparkling Flambeaux gild the rattling Coach,
And wearied Knockers tell its near approach.

COMB-BRUSH.

Ah! ſhould it e'er be known you paſs'd in play
The ev'ning of this conſecrated day,
The frightful ſcandal of the *Morning-Poſt*
Would ſay you ſinn'd againſt the *Holy Ghoſt*.

PISCOPELLA.

Talk not of ſuch vile Chronicles to me,
Their venal praiſe, and purchas'd calumny.
The beſt of Kings but ſerves to ſwell their rage,
And Virtue's ſelf lies blacken'd on their page.

Their

Their utmoſt ſpite and falſehood I diſdain;
Yet, as I make my plea to you in vain,
I muſt ſubmit to-night:---the laſt new Play
Shall help the tedious ev'ning on its way!
And, when the bell ſhall ring, light up the ſtairs;
I'll be devout for once, and go to prayers.

THE END.

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